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and BYSTANDER

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and BYSTANDER

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LONDON

SEPTEMBER 15, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX. No. 2462

THIS ISSUE

The Dublin Show.

This year's entries were considered to be the finest yet seen and were far more varied than hitherto. Some of the competitors and personalities are described by Jennifer on page 330 whilst we reproduce a selection of photographs of the many visitors to this peak of the Irish season on pages 334-5.

Phoenix Park

was the setting for a record-breaking meeting when the Irish two-year-old classic, the Phoenix Plate, was won by Mr. G. F. Annesley's Ballywilluill, a most satisfactory ending to Show Week. Page 336.

Thames Punters Compete.

Punts are not usually thought of as racing machines, but that hardly annual, the Thames Punting Club's Regatta, saw some very fast work on the river, with plenty of eager spectators. Pictures of the spectators and champions are on page 328.

Boys' Golf.

British golfing prestige now rests largely with the coming generation, and their meeting this year at Barassie, Ayr, saw some very encouraging play. An English boy won the title after many lean years. Pictures of players on page 340.

NEXT WEEK

A full photographic report of Princess Margaret's visit to Holland to attend the inauguration ceremonies of Queen Juliana upon the voluntary abdication of her mother, Queen Wilhelmina, after a reign of fifty years.



MR. AND MRS. JOHN DRUMMOND with their daughters, the Misses Cherry, April and Heather Drummond, waiting at their home, Megginch Castle, Errol, Perthshire, to receive guests at the coming-out ball of their second daughter, Heather. Mr. Drummond was formerly in the diplomatic service and the Grenadier Guards. His family dates back to the 13th century, and descends from the Thanes of Lennox. Mrs. Drummond is the only daughter of the late Sir Robert William Buchanan-Jardine, and sister of the present baronet



Princess Juliana in England. During their stay in this country in 1940, the Dutch Royal Family lived at Lydney Park, Glos., Viscount Bledisloe's seat. This picture was taken by the Hon. Ben Bathurst, during a visit by Queen Mary, who is seen holding Princess Beatrix's hand, while Princess Juliana holds the baby Princess Irene. Standing are, left to right, Admiral Baron C. de Vos, Mrs. Vaughan Hughes, the Hon. Mrs. Ben Bathurst, Viscountess Bledisloe, Major the Hon. John Coke and the Hon. Margaret Wyndham (equerry and lady-in-waiting to Queen Mary), and Viscount Bledisloe

Some Portraits in Print

SOMETHING of a mystery, and often of fantasy, surrounds many of the famous names that we know so well across the counter and on the billboards.

When did Mr. Huntley say "Mr. Palmer, I presume?" and thus found the great biscuit firm? Fantasy, but no mystery there; it was over a century ago in Reading, where Mr. Huntley had a confectioner's shop. The fantasy is in the statue of Mr. George Palmer that stands in a local park. He is carrying an open gamp—surely unique?

Mr. Swan and Mr. Edgar, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Hardy and Mr. Willis, Mr. Savory and Mr. Moore—a goodly company, high in the social history of our times.

I recall some time ago dining with one of the partners of a firm with a famous name, and enquiring of the senior partner. "We've often wondered about him" was the answer. "He left about 1838, and we cannot trace any of his business dealings. We've often wondered what he looked like—bearded probably. There has been no one with his name connected with the firm for over a century."

ONE of the strangest cases of allegiance to a partnership is brought to mind when I see the name of our leading press-cutting agency. The senior partner was a Pole who in Paris, sometime in the eighteen-forties, had the idea of cutting out items from the papers and pasting them in his bookshop in the Quartier Latin.

He came to London, commercialized his press-cutting service for actors, authors, politicians, egotists and others, built it into a good business with an English partner—and then one day allegedly hopped an

Atlantic liner with the contents of the safe and was never heard of again, except as a name on the top of countless millions of press cuttings.

THE other day Jermyn Street had the bright experience of seeing a plaque unveiled by a grandson of Queen Victoria's in memory of the man who made his grandmother's sausages.

Very special sausages they were which Mr. Thomas Wall delivered each week (from the house where he was born) and apart from being made from a select part of the pig entailed the chopping of the meat by hand and the adding of new-laid eggs.

A lot of things I learned at this ceremony; that at one time it was an offence to eat a sausage in Rome (an Emperor Constantine having banned them because of their popularity with feasting pagans); that they were once known as "weasels" and appeared in an English cookery book, printed in Latin, in 1450; and that in the Middle Ages they appeared to be slightly more flavoursome and nutritious than the modern affair. "First grind the pork, temper it with eggs and powder of pepper and cane!" instructs the cookery book, "then close in a capon's neck or a pig's paunch, roast well and then varnish with batter of eggs and flour."

Ah, yes; I have another note.

At the risk of inciting Mr. Strachey, I will add that some seventy years ago "kangaroo sausages" were imported from Australia, for the no very good reason, it seems, that the animals were becoming a bit of a pest down there. The burdens of the Mother Country never cease—although for all I know "kangaroo sausages" may be quite delicious to taste, like

snoek or that casserole of beaver, which M.P.s so enjoyed the other day, but which was refused by the House of Lords, possibly because of the suggestion of cannibalism.

THIS Mr. Thomas Wall, who was born over his Jermyn Street shop, was something of a character.

When he died in 1920 he left £200,000 in trust to help needy undergraduates. He was the best type of Victorian philanthropist, the existence of whom is often denied by certain schools of political thought to-day. He founded a model nursery school, and was a pioneer of the idea of a "green belt" around London.

Mr. Wall did not live to see his successors burst beyond the sausage world into another sphere of activity and so never saw his name on the "Stop me and Buy one" tricycles.

His business is now one of the many provinces in the empire of that other notable philanthropist, the late William Lever, first Baron Leverhulme.

A READER tells me of an accident of his own on a French road in the neighbourhood of Montelinar (where the nougat comes from) and near where my own smash occurred.

A bicyclist meandering along ahead of him suddenly turned out into the middle of the road. He swerved his car, skidded, hit a tree, bounced back, hit the kerb and made an unpromising mess of both his passengers and his car. The bicyclist went on. He found later in the nearby village that the man was stone deaf—and that this was the second accident he had provoked.

I suppose a road accident on a French road is in the nature of an accolade. You reach driving maturity in this way. "Oh, she was finished in Paris—or nearly—on Route No. 7."

A cause of many accidents is the difference in the hand of the drive, for unless you have a passenger to act as navigator, passing a lorry in a right-hand drive is more than somewhat of a risk. I suppose one day, after the Channel Tunnel is built, we will reach Anglo-French accord on this matter.

WHAT lies behind this wave of interest in ballet dancing which has given such a background to these uneasy years that they may still be known as those of the "Dancing Peace"?

I think it not hard to guess: it is the urge of man (and woman) to catch a glimpse not only of a dream-world of yesterday, but to see femininity re-established; to meet again the demure and the delicate, the ethereal and exotic, the maidenly and the fragile, the prim and the coy without having to care whether or not it dangles a cigarette from its mouth, is interested in politics or wears pink corduroy slacks on Sunday mornings.

I think it the urge of man to see womankind without having to listen to her.

All this comes from glancing through the illustrations of yet another new book devoted to the ballet, and the contemplation of Anna Pavlova (forgetting that *she* had a tongue like a viper!), Tatiana Riabouchinska, Moira Shearer and Tamara Toumanova, Margot Fonteyn and Genevieve Moulin—with many others.

The new book is *Approach to the Ballet*, by A. H. Franks (Pitman, 21s.) and arrives with its beautiful illustrations and the engaging confession of the author that he "believes in all sincerity that not one single sentence in this book bears even a passing resemblance to profundity," for which many thanks.

My own philosophy about the art of the dance is largely an echo of Théophile Gautier, when he wrote: "If the foot is small, well arched, and falls on its *pointes* like an arrow, if the leg is dazzling and pure, moves voluptuously amid the haze of muslin, we are not exercised about the rest."

Well, not so much.

IFIRST saw John Gay's *Beggar's Opera* all the way out at Hammersmith in the Lyric, which Nigel Playfair had bought about 1920 for twopence halfpenny. The handsome Lovat Fraser made his name (and soon after died) with his costumes and settings for this lovely revival.

Now the talented Mr. Benjamin Britten has sought to fix it all up again with a score of his own. I went to see and hear it at Sadler's Wells.

The Lovat Fraser-Nigel Playfair production was an affair of porcelain, lovely bright colours and dazzling white. A *pastiche* admittedly, but Frederic Austin's arrangements were simple and pure. It ran, out at Hammersmith, for a couple of years after the first war, and made many reputations, for none more than Fraser who brought an English touch to the pre-war lessons of Leon Bakst and others of the Diaghileff crowd who preached that colour and simplicity were fine things if boldly handled.

The newest of the many versions and revivals of this classic ballad-opera is "realistic," and steeped in the fashionable gloom that so many stage producers think nice these days, so that I could not tell whether it was Polly Peachum or Miss Molly Brazen I was seeing on the stage.

I am old-fashioned, I suppose.

—Gordon Beckles

WRITE IT OFF

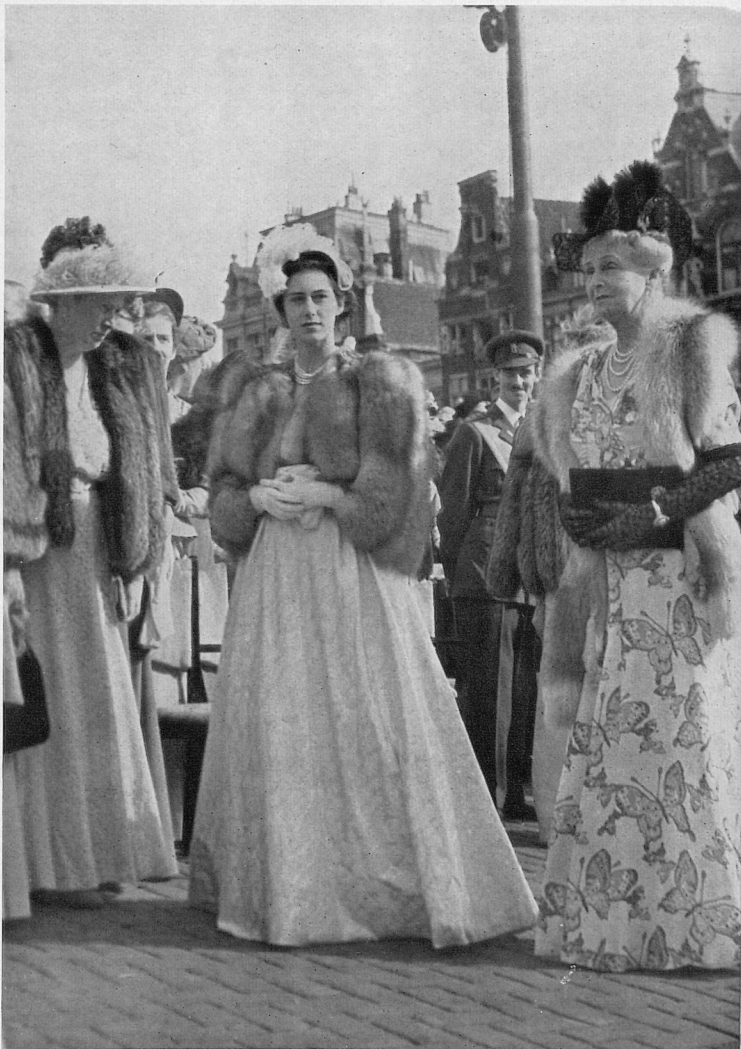
My uncountable fans—
Signed, could it be "Splutter"?—
Exhort me to write
Off-beat in rhyme.
So I'm trying my best—
There, look at that stutter—
To do what they ask,
Stagger the time.

Mr. Ellington or
Swing coloraturas
At least have a beat,
Something they're off
But the metrical art
Knows only caesuras;
You can't print an oomp,
Hiccup or cough.

And mechanics apart—
Dots, dashes and stresses—
The problem remains,
What of the soul?
To succeed, one must write
Gaps, psychic recesses,
Or utter a deep
Neurotic hole.

All the same I believe,
With co-operation
From readers with minds
Woogy, or worse,
And prepared to employ
Much imagination,
We have something here—
Maybe off-verse.

—Justin Richardson



PRINCESS MARGARET IN HOLLAND where she went by air for the installation ceremonies of Princess Juliana as Queen of the Netherlands. H.R.H. is watching the Golden Coach drive off with the new Queen through the streets of Amsterdam. With her (right) is Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who was hostess to Queen Wilhelmina and the Princess during their war-time stay in Canada

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"An English Summer"
(Lyric, Hammersmith)

IF in re-creating for playgoers the atmosphere of the Battle of Britain you succeed as a reporter the question whether you have also managed to write a good play is of secondary importance. Those who say that you haven't will be reckoned—perhaps even by themselves—of a pedantic turn of mind.

Mr. Ronald Adam succeeds magnificently as a reporter. That English summer—now in retrospect seen to be the most gloriously English of all summers—comes tensely to life again; and at a fighter station in Kent we are shown how the great battle against odds was awaited, fought and—by the narrowest of margins—won.

In the operations room are group captains and squadron leaders so incredibly old that they flew fantastically obsolete planes in the 1914 war, now alert at telephones controlling the squadrons in the air with friendly efficiency; and at the dispersal hut are the fighter pilots, men from all parts of the Empire, serious-minded only in matters pertaining to their job in the air.

MR. ADAM faithfully reproduces the spirit of these men, with their specialized slang, their habit of understatement and their moments of casual arrogance, of inverted sentimentalism; and he brings out their serious-mindedness by making one of them an incorrigible "pranger" of precious planes,

with more "guts" than "nous," and another a sergeant pilot whose fatal vanity it is to follow down to earth a shot-up enemy, thus exposing his leader's tail for the sake of a front seat "gloat" over the results of his own prowess.

It is a fair criticism of the play as a piece of reportage that the author, rightly concerned to establish the authenticity of the fighter station, can only do so by arranging the whole of his first act into an obvious dramatic question mark. Will the Germans after Dunkirk make an all-out attack on England?

Well, we know that they did; and so during the first interval we cannot help feeling that—atmosphere or no atmosphere—the play has not yet begun.

WHEN the curtain rises again things have "hotted up" very satisfactorily. We are in the midst of the battle, and it is remarkable how well Mr. Adam preserves the ordinariness of his young fighter pilots whilst vividly suggesting the ever-increasing strain to which they heroically respond. He hits on what is really significant in their attitude to life—the unaffected wonder at what it will be like, to find you are middle-aged, and able to fly no more.

Unconsciously none of these "pard-like Spirits beautiful and swift" expect to survive this English summer, and as they go forward to the doom that awaits them they look upon their seniors of the operations room as most of

us look on centenarians—with faint envy and a lively curiosity.

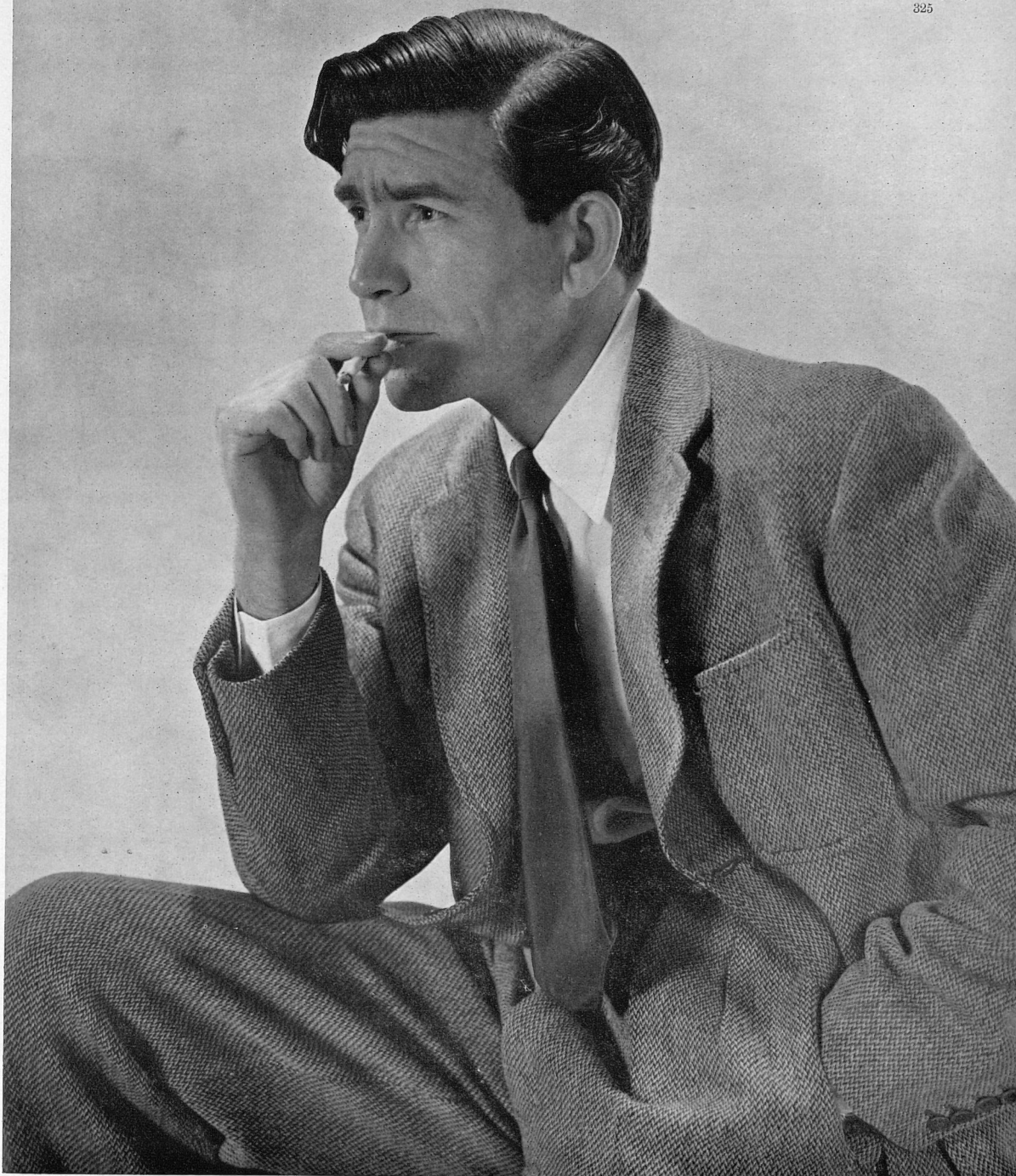
IN the pathos of youth which is to fulfil itself in death and the pathos of unfulfilled middle age, Mr. Adam seeks the personal drama which he hopes to combine with and heighten the tremendous drama of the battle. But how artificial seems the discovery by the grounded squadron leader that one of the pilots is his long-lost son, born of a liaison with an unhappily married woman of the last war.

We believe in the discovery only with an effort. The effort is worth making, for the romantic personal relations of the father in the operations room and the son in the air add poignancy and excitement to the German attack in strength which is the play's climax.

The actors, like the fighting units which they represent, must be judged as a whole, and, so judged, they put up a fine show. Mr. Andre Morell and Mr. Peter Hammond are true both in their military capacities and in the instinctive sympathies which proclaim them father and son. Mr. Guy Rolfe and Mr. Chris Grainger are also well matched—the born leader of a fighting squadron and the gallant duffer; and there are neat thumbnail sketches of good Service types by Mr. Charles Cullum, Mr. Andrew Leigh, Mr. Robert Desmond, and Mr. Brewster Mason. We may wish it had been a better play; but it is something we are glad to have seen.



In the Pilots' Dispersal Hut, the old-timer, Sqn./Ldr. Armstrong (Andre Morell) gives some fatherly advice, with the aid of a pipe, to his heroic juniors. They include Sgt. Corner (Robert Desmond) with his pet mouse, Willie Wishart (Chris Grainger) top left, Sqn./Ldr. Cook (Brian Hayes) sitting on the table, "Dutch" Pieters (Guy Rolfe) with his foot on the table, and right, F/Sgt. Nabb (Brewster Mason) from the North Country



ROBERT BEATTY

Actors who are equally at home on stage or screen are comparatively rare but Robert Beatty is an able exponent of both arts. His first film success was as the fugitive's one loyal friend in *Odd Man Out* and he will shortly be seen in *Journey into Yesterday*. He has now turned to comedy and is "on the floor" at Ealing Studios where *Another Shore* is in production. Here he plays a whimsical Irish ne'er-do-well whose ambition is a life of ease on a tropic island. In this his "international" accent (he is Canadian by birth) is proving a considerable asset. Playgoers will recall his convincing and powerful performances in the London stage versions of *A Soldier for Christmas* and *A Bell for Adano*. A pupil of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, he first appeared as the Third Officer in that memorable pre-war production of Raymond Massey's *Idiot's Delight*

Photographed by Sylvia Redding, A.I.B.P.

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

FOR a long time now it has been little use going to the cinema in search of fun. Other forms of diversion, yes: stimulants, soporifics, changes of scene, an occasional touch of art, all these are to be found, with whatever tonic is derived from the sadistic violence which has been the patent screen nostrum the last season or two; but seldom enough a film that is funny and practically never a film that is fun.

Life With Father (Warner) is fun. Perhaps it might have been even better fun if the film had been based on the original source, on Clarence Day's own sketches, instead of on the stage play. It might have creaked rather less self-consciously at the joints. But to murmur of might-have-been would be ingratitude when *Life With Father*, as it is, is such endearing fun.

When the film begins by offering the audience one of those contraptions through which I can just remember looking at views and postcards, the Technicolor tints complete the illusion. William Powell and Irene Dunne as Mr. and Mrs. Day, their four red-headed sons and cousin Zasu Pitts have stepped straight out of anybody's family album. So has the succession of maids, new nearly every morning, thanks to father's stormy manners at breakfast.

HARDLY anything happens except what was probably happening to most families in the same period and circumstances. Father blusters and preens like a turkey-cock; Mr. Powell exclaims "Gad!" in a variety of strangled tones. Miss Dunne appears in a succession of ravishing late-Victorian styles. One son is at the calf-love, cast-off suit and pimples age.

Two original *motifs* relieve the familiarity of the pattern. There is the regular and delicious bewilderment of financial discussions where father's stiff, masculine mathematics are helplessly bamboozled by the irresistible logic of feminine accountancy proceeding from the premiss: "I never could see the sense of making a record when the money's gone."

The slender strand of story only starts with the dreadful discovery that father was never baptized, so that it becomes his devoted wife's preoccupation to save his soul as well as his face.

SUCH uneventful fun is inevitably rather shapeless. But it is kept firmly enough within its family album framework by the delectable theme tune, which I understand to be not a forgotten favourite but a pleasing *pastiche* of the "Daisy, Daisy" school, most happily adapted to set every mood from grave to gay, from heavy bombast or flippant jingle to the sober trot at which the horse-cab (unthinkable extravagance!) finally bears off the whole family to church for the ceremony.

Mr. Powell, with red head, centre parting and handlebars, recalls not only every Victorian father, in all his pomposity, tyranny, devotion and essential uprightness, being twisted round the little finger of the most gracious of doting wives, but memories of Mr. Powell himself in the early days of silent films. Miss Dunne—who seems suddenly, in middle age, to have flowered into one

of Hollywood's most accomplished actresses as she was always one of its most charming personalities—is as important to the film as Mrs. Day must have been to a family whose full Victorian flavour is the best kind of fun because it is observed with affection, as well as with a keen sense of the absurdity of shining brown paint, rubber-plants in pots and mere male ascendancy.

THERE isn't much fun about two and a quarter hours of newsreel glorified by Technicolor.

That, I'm afraid, is what *XIVth Olympiad—The Glory of Sport* amounts to in spite of the vainglorious title and a neo-Grecian opening capable surely of spreading popular illusion that the torch had never gone out all these centuries. Snow makes the Technicolor attractive in the winter sports section; thereafter, in the wet at Wembley, the colour is neither nice to look at, nor sharply enough in focus to make fast finishes easy to see.

It is, of course, a creditable achievement to have prepared and completed so lavish a record so soon after the London Games had finished. But no principle of selection seems to have been applied, no form given to the film; no point or purpose is discernible in the capricious use of such technical devices as slow motion (which is not used at all for the first hour and thereafter most freakishly). We need not wish to emulate all the methods of Nazi propaganda to feel that the English film would benefit by a fraction of the art Leni Riefenstahl brought to the filming of the Berlin Games.

Perhaps it would have been out of character to try again to capture the pagan beauty of athletics on the screen as the German film so sensuously did. But Miss Riefenstahl achieved something more relevant to large-scale sports-reporting: she made me, at least, passionately interested in every event and every individual, competitor or spectator, on whom the camera rested. Until the marathon, Mr. Castleton Knight never seems to sense the drama in his material, so that only a momentary thrill on the Cresta Run, or the spontaneous ease of the fabulous Mrs. Blankers-Koen breaks the monotony. I remember leaving the second morning of the German film exhausted, as if by listening to an overwhelming new symphony. I came out of the British Olympics film exhausted as one would expect to be by sitting through two and a quarter hours of newsreels.

MINOR French films can be very great fun and *Antoine et Antoinette* (Rialto) is such a trifle although it makes bold to use the same subject-matter as one of the greatest of all French films, René Clair's *Le Million*. The attic-apartment of the hero and heroine (Roger Pigaut and Claire Maffei) is also tucked close under the roofs of Paris. But this little domestic story challenges no serious comparison with Clair. The winning lottery ticket whose loss causes the young couple such agonies of disappointment, is only the thread of plot on which to string the everyday preoccupations of a working life in Paris to-day. What is fun about the film is precisely that it does deal—the first French film shown here



"... Father blusters like a turkey-cock."

to do so, I think—modestly, realistically with Paris as it is to-day; not the Paris of the *grands couturiers*, of the Casino, Montmartre and Auteuil, but the Paris of the Metro, the Prisunic (the Woolworths on the Champs Elysées) and the under-the-counter outskirts of the black market.

NOTHING in the technique or spirit of the film, except the fine acting of every part, is peculiarly French. Most of the elements in the scene would be familiar anywhere: the total indifference to customers of tube ticket vendors and shop-assistants passionately involved in cheap novels or important chat; the need to leave some cheese for to-morrow's sandwiches because the bought ones would be so nasty and so expensive; the eternal scrounge for something to eat and for coffee that doesn't taste like graniums (perhaps the grocer's terms for under-the-counter goods to the pretty housewife are after all especially French); and always the driving force, the hope of easy money in the form of football pools or State lotteries, which gives courage to carry on.

What gives the film its peculiar poignancy is that this so familiar contemporary scene, which could be reproduced anywhere in the so-called civilized world, is in fact and quite unmistakably Paris in our day and age.

AT the Empire, *The Birds and the Bees* is an M-G-M Technicolor musical with Jeanette MacDonald and Jose Iturbi. It is not my idea of fun. Miss MacDonald never was, but either she or I have mellowed with the years and she is what I minded least about this hour and fifty-five minutes of musical vulgarity. There seems a piano on almost every set, a song in every mouth. Mr. Iturbi does everything to "Liebestraum" except play it with his toes and the musical arranger has stopped at no musical vivisection. Producer Pasternak appears to have thought there might still be enough in the story of three smart girls trying to patch up their parents' divorce, which he used so successfully for Deanna Durbin's debut twelve years ago, to let four smart screenwriters knock up a variation on the same theme for Miss MacDonald's come-back.

ERRATUM: In the issue of *The Tatler* dated 1st September, page 262, we stated that "All Over The Town" was made by London Films and Sir Alexander Korda. It is in fact a Wessex Film, produced by Ian Dalrymple for the J. Arthur Rank Organization, Ltd.

KATHERINE DUNHAM

The producer and principal dancer of the exotic and beautiful *Caribbean Rhapsody* at the Prince of Wales Theatre, is a leading authority on the dances of Voodoo, a subject upon which she has written a thesis for Yale. She lived for eighteen months among the Jamaican Maroons, who are descended from Negro slaves imported during the early Spanish occupation, studying dance-forms upon which she has based much of the choreography of her London presentation. She is an M.A. of Chicago University, a contributor on anthropology to many scientific journals, and a dancer of such outstanding brilliance that even the most orthodox of *balletomanes* have acclaimed the importance of her technique. Her recent book *Journey to Accompong* describes some of her researches and she has made many recordings of native music. For her less learned admirers she and her coloured and colourful company are a source of entertainment which is as original as it is thrilling.





Miss Jean Kershaw (right), the winner, poling in the final of the Ladies' Amateur Championship against Miss Delphine Wilkinson. Miss Kershaw also won the championship last year. The Men's Amateur Championship was won by Mr. R. C. Bending, who beat Mr. H. van Zwanenberg in the final. A large number of spectators turned out to watch this interesting river event, to compete successfully in which requires unusual skill and powers of endurance

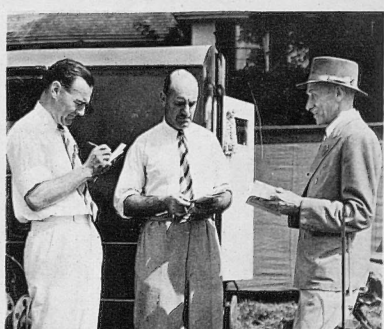
Thames Punting Club Hold Their Regatta at Bray Reach, Near Maidenhead



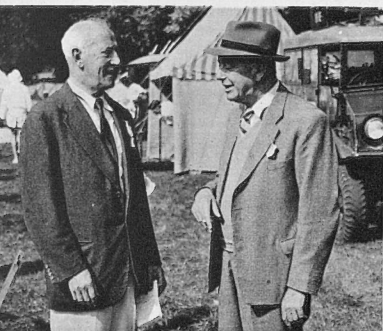
Mr. R. C. Bending and Miss Jean Kershaw, the Amateur Championship winners, holding their challenge cups



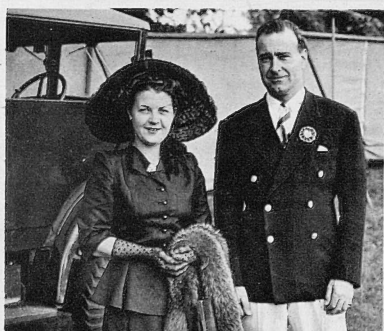
Mr. A. Andrews, Mr. Thomas Brooks and Mr. Dick Gilroy were three of the spectators who watched the events



Mr. N. Miroy, the hon. secretary, and two committee members, Mr. J. Rouse and Mr. A. E. Banham, compare notes



Viscount Camrose talking to Sir Herbert Morgan, the industrialist, between events



Mrs. Nevill Miroy with her husband, who was largely responsible for the regatta's smooth running



Mr. Gale, Mr. T. B. Rixon, Amateur Championship winner in 1893-6-7, and Miss Rosemary Gale

At the Romsey, Hampshire, Agricultural Show



Earl and Countess Mountbatten watching events with Lady Pamela Mountbatten. The show was held at Broadlands, their country home



Miss M. Spacey with her very attractive pony Leygreen Sandy, who competed in the Children's Riding Class



Mrs. Hume Kidson, one of the competitors, with Miss G. Curtis and Miss Alison Curtis



Judging in progress to decide the best pony in the show. Competition was very close and the turn-out, as in all the events, exceptionally smart

An Excellent Turn-out for the Henley Horse Show



Count Orssich receiving the Lonsdale Challenge Cup for the best hunter, Mrs. Stanley Barratt's Harvest Moon



Peter Garland on Mr. E. Garland's Love Knot, receiving the first prize in one of the child's pony classes



The best polo pony, S/Ldr. A. L. Roberts's Calendula, ridden by Mr. W. Jackman



Mrs. H. Coriat presenting the prize for the best pony to Jennifer Skelton



The weather was fine and picnic parties were popular. Having lunch here are Miss G. Green, Miss Ann Atkin, Jennifer Skelton, C. Grainger, Mrs. E. Skelton and Miss Heather Grainger



The First Day of the Dublin Horse Show opened with large crowds to prove its ever-increasing popularity. Here judging is in progress for Hunters up to 14 st. to 15 st., won by Mr. N. Galwey-Greer's eight-year-old bay gelding Guardsman, hunted with the Kilkenny Foxhounds. More pictures of Ireland's great sporting and social week are to be found on pages 334-337

Sanifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

I FLEW over to Dublin for the Horse Show. The trip in an Aer Lingus Dakota was wonderfully comfortable. The sky was exceptionally clear and we were able to see the beauty of the English countryside and the Welsh mountains as we flew over quite low before crossing the Irish Channel. One passenger who told me he had made that journey over thirty times said he had never seen the Welsh mountains so clearly.

Dublin was en fête, since Horse Show week is something the Irishman celebrates and looks forward to from one August until the next. The Show always draws a great number of foreign visitors, but this year, coming after the Olympics, it was a greater international gathering than ever before. I am sure everyone must have enjoyed this excellently-run show, which not only has horses of all ages being judged continuously in the four show rings and the vast jumping enclosure, but in which there is also the R.H.S. of Ireland's Summer Flower Show, and numerous stands exhibiting everything imaginable, whilst across the road there are the Bloodstock Sales.

The outstanding exhibitor once again this year was Mr. Galwey-Greer, of Dunboyne, who for the second year running won the Hunter Championship, the Laidlaw Champion Cup for the best hunter in the Show, with Mighty Atom, who also won the Cootie Cup and the Bright Prospect Cup, a great achievement for a four-year-old. After the show Mighty Atom was, I heard, sold for a very big sum to Mr. L. H. Cooper, of Hagley, in Worcs.; so we may see him competing over here next summer. Mr. Galwey-Greer also won the

prize for the exhibitor gaining the greatest number of awards at the Show. The reserve Hunter Champion was Mrs. Alexander's five-year-old Saint Patrick, which was beautifully ridden by his owner, who is one of the best horsewomen in Ireland. Saint Patrick, ridden side-saddle by Mrs. Michael Beaumont, was also reserve champion in the Ladies' Hunter Championship, which was won by Mr. N. D. Mahony's Starpool, ridden by Mrs. Perrins.

The children's classes produced some good-looking and well-schooled ponies. In the class for ponies over 13.2 and not exceeding 14.2 there were 119 entries. The winner was a good-looking young bay pony, Candy, beautifully ridden by her owner, Miss Faith Howe.

THE high spot of the week was the Aga Khan Cup, when teams from France, Sweden, America, England and Ireland competed. The Italian team unfortunately had to withdraw at the last moment owing to Col. Conforti's injuries. This event, over the usual stiff course with obstacles even higher than in previous years, was won by the United States' team headed by Col. Wing, with Lt.-Col. C. H. Anderson, Lt.-Col. C. A. Symroski and Capt. J. W. Russell. The British and French teams tied for second place and Sweden was third. Capt. Russell, the youngest member of the U.S. team, won the prize for the best individual performance with the magnificent total of two faults for the two rounds.

I cannot leave the jumping at the R.D.S. without a word about that magnificent horseman, Col. Wing, of the U.S. Army team, and his gallant horse, Democrat. This happy combination made numerous faultless rounds during the week, and ended with the magnificent record of having received a first rosette every day.

This year the President and Mrs. O'Kelly, paying their State visit to the Show, drove with their new mechanised escort of military motorcyclists to the Show, where they were received by the Rt. Hon. J. MacMahon, president of the Show, the Rt. Hon. W. E. Wylie, K.C., the very active chairman of the R.D.S. Council's executive committee, who has been connected with the Show since 1921, and Professor F. E. Hackett. They watched the parade of prizewinners and the jumping for the Aga

Khan Cup from the Presidential box, and with them were many members of the Government and the Diplomatic Corps, including Mr. Dillon, Minister for Agriculture, who is a driving force in the administration; Dr. O'Higgins, Minister of Defence; Mr. McGilligan, Minister of Finance; Lord Rugby, the English Minister, with Lady Rugby; the Canadian High Commissioner, the Swedish Chargé d'Affaires and Mme. Thorsing, the Spanish Minister, the French Minister, Count Ostrorog, the Italian Minister and Signorina Rizzo, the U.S. Minister and Mrs. Garret, the Swiss Minister and Mme. de Bourge, and the new Argentine Minister and Señora Ricciole Belfone. Also in the box I saw Sir John Milne Barbour, down from Belfast; Mr. and Mrs. J. Higgins, who were over from London (Mrs. Higgins is the only woman to be elected an honorary life member of the R.D.S.), Lt.-Col. Conforti, who hobbled in with the aid of a stick; and Lt. P. d'Inzeo and Lt. S. Azais, members of the Italian team, who were sitting looking disconsolate at being unable to compete.

OTHERS I saw watching the Show were Mrs. Lewis Douglas, Gen. Weygand, over from France; Lord and Lady Ardee and their small son and elder daughter, the Marquess and Marchioness of Kildare, Lady Maureen Brabazon, Major and Mrs. Jack Paget, a really beautiful Italian girl, Signorina Maria Attolica, who wore lovely clothes each day; Mrs. Euan Meux and Miss Jane Healing, over from Gloucestershire, who told me they were enjoying their stay at Skelton Abbey; the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort; Lord Rathdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, Mrs. Spooner, whose recently-published book, *Royal Crusade*, on the life of a horse is such a success; Sir Francis Brooke, attractive Miss Janet Yardley, a keen horse-lover who was over from Newcastle-on-Tyne with her parents; Mrs. Stormonth Darling with her pretty daughter, Angela; Viscount Bury with Viscountess Bury, who had several entries; the Countess Fitzwilliam, in a black-and-white print; Major and Mrs. Alan Wood, who were over staying with Mr. and Mrs. Wylie at Clonsilla; Mrs. Campbell, of Conway, M. and Mme. Gulbenkein, Major and Mrs. Stephen Eve, Col. John Lawson, Miss Daphne Nixon, Viscount Cole, Miss Renée de Rothschild, Lady Joan



The Countess of Rosse, of Birr Castle, King's Co., seen at the first day of the show



Madam O'Grady with the Hon. Mrs. Hewson, Lord Merthyr's only sister, now living in Co. Limerick

Philipps and her son, Griffith; and Mlle. Marina de Borchgrave d'Altena, who was over from Brussels.

I WENT across several times to the Bloodstock sales, where horses were fetching good prices, and here I saw the Earl and Countess of Harrington, who both made purchases, and his mother, Mrs. Luke Lillingston, who bought a nice filly by Orestes. The Hon. H. G. Wellesley was a buyer, and so was Mr. Darby Rogers, whom I met with his mother, and his two sons, Tim and Mick, who sold a nice yearling during the week for 1850 guineas; they are both following in their father's footsteps with horses; one is to be a trainer and the other one will run a stud. Major and Mrs. Mark Roddick were enjoying a picnic lunch on the grass in the sales paddock with Mr. and Mrs. Stedman, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Shaw from Limerick, and Major Laurence Hastings with his attractive American wife. The Hastings had the alarming experience one night during that week of waking at 1 a.m. and finding an intruder in their hotel bedroom, whom Major Hastings managed to capture. Others at the sales included Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, Mr. James Hanbury, inspecting yearlings with Miss Ursula Rank, and Mr. Francis and Lady Mary-Rose Williams, Lord Hemphill, Mr. A. J. Leveson-Gower, Master of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hounds, the Earl and Countess of Fingall, Major Victor McCalmont and Lord Joicey, who bought a nice brown colt. This year I stayed at the Shelburne, which is so central and always a hub of activity during Show Week. The Countess of Mayo had chosen to make it her headquarters, and so had Sir Alfred Read, Mr. David Wills, the Marchesa Valeri Litta, Major Harold Boyd-Rochford, who was off to the sales early each morning, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Crewdson, Lord and Lady Killanin, Sir George and Lady Usher, Sir Stafford and Lady Cooper, and Lady Brabourne and her sister, Lady Pamela Mountbatten, who I had seen watching the Ladies' Hunter classes.

THERE were cocktail parties, dinners and dances every evening. In fact, I heard one visiting officer telling the Rt. Hon. W. E. Wylie that he found a pile of invitations in his room on arrival, and that the hospitality the teams always received in Dublin was greater than anywhere in the world. Among the entertaining was the annual dinner given by the Irish Army at McKee Barracks to representatives of all the teams, and on the same night the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket gave a coming-out ball for her younger daughter, Doreen, at Luttrellstown Castle, and the Galway Blazers Hunt Ball was held at the Gresham, to which the two new joint-Masters, Capt. Philip Profumo and Mr. Bobbie Peel, took parties. The annual evening race meeting during Show Week at Phoenix Park was rather marred by unkind weather, but none the less there was a big crowd of racegoers, including Lord and Lady Adare, Sir Lauriston Arnott, Mr. and Mrs. "Khaki" Roberts, Mrs. Calvocoressi and her daughter Yolande, Capt. Nigel Knight-Bruce, the joint-M.P.H. of the Silvertown, escorting pretty Miss Pauline Manders, who had been involved in a nasty car crash on arrival in Ireland, Mr. Jim Emmet and Mr. Simon Emmet with Miss Pat Waller, and Mr. and Mrs. Frankie More O'Ferrall,



The Hon. Mrs. Edward Corbally Stourton, the third prizewinner, riding in the Lightweight Ladies' Hunter Class, with Miss Eileen Newsam

who brought Mrs. James Roosevelt and Miss Eunice Kennedy, guests from America.

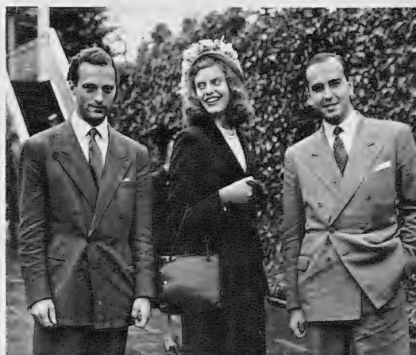
There was also the brilliant reception given by Mr. MacBride, the Minister for External Affairs, at Iveagh House, the British Legion Horse Show Ball, of which Lord Rugby was the president, the Meath Hunt Ball, and the next night Mrs. Lillis gave her annual fork supper party to more than thirty guests, including members of the French jumping team, at her charming house in Palmerston Park before the Louth Hunt Ball, which I always think is the gayest hunt ball of the week; admirably run by Brig. Boylan, it always goes with a swing from the start. This year guests had the added pleasure of being able to dance to Carol Gibbons, who came and played the piano for quite a long time.

AS I have only space to tell you more fully about two of the gaieties, firstly, Mrs. Plunket's dance and then Mr. MacBride's reception. Everyone looks forward to the parties at Luttrellstown and they are never disappointed. Mrs. Plunket, who is a wonderful hostess, works hard to ensure that everything is perfect. This was a coming-out ball for Doreen, who stood beside her mother looking enchanting in a dress of pale-blue satin and tulle to receive their guests. Mrs. Plunket wore an exquisite dress of red faille adorned with fine black lace; Neelia Plunket, in blue but of a deeper shade than her sister's dress, also helped receive the guests, who totalled over 1000. They danced in the charmingly decorated ballroom. There were two huge marquees built out in the garden, transformed inside with folds of white muslin and large garlands of evergreens hanging from stalwart green pillars against the walls, while magnificent chandeliers hung from the centre of each marquee. Here during the evening guests enjoyed a delicious supper, which had been prepared by Mrs. Plunket's wonderful cook. Among the guests I saw at this excellent party, which went on until nearly 6 a.m., were representatives of all the visiting teams, also Lord and Lady Powerscourt, the Earl and Countess of Rosse, who came with the American Minister and Mrs. Garret, the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, Mrs. Plunket's sisters, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, in a black and white dress, and Lady Oranmore and Browne, also Mr. Paul Warburg, of the U.S. Embassy, who was staying at Luttrellstown, Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper, who told me she had to go home before the end of the week, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet and their daughter Mary, Mr. John Wylie, who came on from the Irish Army dinner with his father, Prince Ferdinando Caracciola, who was dancing with attractive Mrs. Ian Galloway, over from Scotland, Mrs. Enid Cameron, Lady Throckmorton, Mr. Francis Dashwood, dancing with the Hon. Brigit Westenra, Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Cazenove, Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt, Mr. Barry Lillis and his pretty sister, Mr. Jack d'Eath, Sir Basil and Lady Goulding, Lord and Lady Bridport, Miss Sharman Douglas, and hundreds more that I have not room to mention.

GUESTS streamed up the wide marble staircase of Iveagh House for the large reception which the Minister for External Affairs, Mr. MacBride, gave in honour



The Marchesa Litta, Countess Rossi, whose sister, the Marchioness of Bute, won a class with her bay gelding Mallowe, and the Marquess Litta



Miss Neelia Plunket with two of her mother's guests from Luttrellstown, Mr. S. Groueff and Mr. S. Panitz, of Paris



Fénnell, Dublin
The Hon. Mrs. George Ward with Viscount and Viscountess Bury, down for the Dublin show from their home in Newtonards, Co. Down

of the visiting jumping teams. The enormous reception-room, with its imposing pillars of red Co. Cork marble, was filled with guests when the President and Mrs. Kelly arrived. These guests included representatives of all the churches, among them Dr. McGuire, a picturesque figure in his scarlet robes. The Cabinet was well represented, and included, among others, Mr. Dillon and Mr. McGilligan. Among the Diplomatic Corps at the party were the Ministers for France, Argentina, Italy and Sweden. The Irish theatre was represented by Michael MacLiammoir and Hilton Edwards. Others at this very big gathering were the Rt. Hon. James MacMahon, the U.S. General Henry, who was for many years Commandant of West Point, Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne, Mr. Lyell Collen, Commandant and Mrs. Butler—he was formerly A.D.C. to Dr. Douglas Hyde when he was President, Mr. Sean O'Hegarty, colourful in his Irish kilt, a green jacket and saffron shawl, and Mr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, a brilliant young graduate of Dublin University, who had helped in organising this very successful party.



King Leopold of Belgium and his wife, the Princess de Réthy, on the golf course at Samaden, where the King has been improving his game



Ex-King Peter and Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia were others who enjoyed the late summer in the Engadine district



Mr. and Mrs. Eric de Goldschmidt-Rothschild with Mrs. V. de Henckel, Mrs. de Goldschmidt-Rothschild's mother



Dr. R. H. Schloss

Prof. Voronoff, the surgeon, and Mme. Voronoff were among the season's visitors to St. Moritz



Mme. Lily Pons, the singer, and her husband, the conductor Kostelanetz, on the eve of leaving for Paris



Mme. Jacqueline Boullot, another visitor to St. Moritz, with the Duchess D'Elchingen-Ney and Mrs. Luisa Miller

Priscilla in Paris The Dimpled Lady

HERE are a few lines of doggerel that have always made me chuckle, given they were apposite, which has not been the case this year until now.

*The Summer was long delayed
Now it's ninety in the shade
And you long to be arrayed
Like a Scot.
You leave your mutton-chop
You gain the bus top
And murmur while you mop,
"Ain't it 'ot!"*

Yesterday evening I was at one of the big railway termini in order to play the good Samaritan with my small allowance of petrol and fetch home my most precious and faithful Hebe, who has been holiday-making (journey, board and wages paid) for the last five weeks. Come to think of it, the good Samaritan business is a bit overdue. I knew she was bringing 10 lbs. of butter and a couple of dozen eggs from her home in Normandy, and I didn't feel like risking the death of a single "aig" at the hands of the rough-but-not-ready porters. I need not have worried; they were elsewhere in the station: on the outgoing side where *de luxe* travellers were departing for Biarritz and other super-luxury resorts. The crowd and scramble were unbelievable, for the *congés payés* were coming home. No taxis. The bus and Metro queues became longer and longer. Like a Greek—or do I mean grease?—chorus the wail rose skywards: "Ain't it 'ot!" Children howled. Little dogs panted. Mamas wept and paterfamilias cursed.

I have been told that "to write about the weather is the last resource of a dull mind." I can only apologise for my grey matter and cast about for other topics.

"Cabbages and kings," perhaps, but these might offer dangerous pitfalls given the state of the politics in this fair country. "Sealing wax" is too closely allied to the red tape from which we suffer, and "String" reminds us of the many that are so hamperingly attached to our little pleasures. . . . It has to be "Ships." So here goes:

THE only ship in the news to-day that I can think of is the yacht Gosse (*gosse* taken in the French sense of the word, no relation to Edmund) that a South American multi-millionaire is sending to his wife at Cannes, complete with its crew of forty-five men and the captain's cat. Pre-war Parisians remember this dimpled lady as *la môme Moineau*, a merry little flower-girl who, in the hectic 'twenties, was the joy of the habitués of Fouquet's, and was there "discovered" by Fischer, who sponsored her début as a singer at his then-famous cabaret. The start of her career closely

resembled that of Edith Piaf (*ex-môme Piaf*), who has just left France to tour in Canada, but she never attained stardom for any other reason than that of her pretty face and figure, her gaiety and the cheery *gaminerie* of the way she ticked-off her audience. I remember her in a revue at the Palace, when Georges Carpentier (in white satin "jeans") made his début as *jeune premier*. But Georges, being a wise guy, became interested in the making and selling of aluminium kitchenware and, later, opened his American Bar near the Etoile, while *la môme Moineau*, after having appeared at various music-halls and sung for two years *Chez Palmyre*, the celebrated cabaret on the Place Blanche, was carried off to New York by the astute impresario Schubert, where her pranks scandalised Broadway and enchanted Fifth Avenue.

IT was there that she met her husband, one of the richest men of the Americas. They were married at Porto Rico, and, since this is that rare thing—a true fairy-story—have lived happily ever since. She often comes to France simply for the pleasure of treating and helping her old pals. Shortly before the war she opened a night club that became extremely popular. Strangers were allowed, of course, to settle the "denned total," but when members of her ex-profession or any friend she had known in her less opulent days turned up, they were given the best floor-side tables and, instead of a bill, they received a little card: "With the compliments of the management." This great-hearted little lady was at Cannes this summer, and her yachting costume, topped by an extraordinary admiral's cap, was seen all along the coast. She was often to be met at Maurice Chevalier's lovely villa and was frequently seen about in the canary-yellow car that Mistinguett drives so expertly.

Voilà!

● A taxicab, driven too close to the kerb, grazes a pedestrian strolling over-near the edge of the pavement. Excursions and alarms!
"You can't teach me my business!" hoots the chauffeur. "I've been driving for twenty-five years!" "Ah!" answers the pedestrian. "But I've been walking for fifty!"

Air Racing at Lympe



A Yorkshire member, Mr. Wyles, discusses the entries with Mlle. Flimaux



Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are both air-minded



Mrs. Casilis de Pury watching the display with Miss Valerie Hobson



Mrs. W. T. Weeland enjoying some of the thrills of the meeting, which, as usual, set a standard for regional air rallies



At the Latin-American centre, Canning House, the Hispanic Council gave a supper-party in honour of Señor Jose Vistalli, of the Argentine. Left to right: Lady Ayre, with H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, Lady Charles and Sir Frank Nixon

Hispanic Council Entertain Señor Vistalli



Señor Vistalli, the guest of honour, who is here in connection with the Argentine five-year plan, with Lady Ayre, who received the guests, Sir Noel Charles, formerly Ambassador to Brazil, Mrs. M. L. Arnold and Sir Amos Ayre



On the left: Lord Forres, Vice-President of the Council, with Miss Diana Longworth, Dr. O'Connor, Mr. Alexander Belch, the Deputy Chairman, Col. Devereux, Mrs. Cyril Dewey, Sir Wilfrid Eady, and Mme. Viagava, of the Argentine Embassy



An Army pipe-band of Eire parades the teams into the jumping enclosure for the International Grand Military jumping competition and the award of the Aga Khan cup

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW VOTED FINEST SINCE WAR ENDED

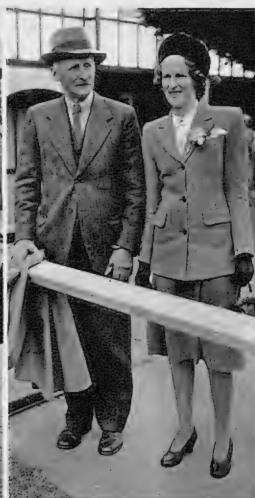
The peak of the Irish season was an international triumph for horses and horsemanship which has not been equalled for many years. A large attendance defied the doubtful weather and made the occasion an outstanding success



Mrs. M. Perrins rode Starpool, owned by Mr. N. D. Mahony, of Blarney, Co. Cork, to win the class for hunter geldings up to 12 to 14 st.



Lady Hyacinth Needham, younger daughter of the Earl of Kilmorey, with Mrs. Evans Lloyd in the jumping enclosure



Mr. A. S. Harman, an ex-Master of the Ballymacad Foxhounds, with his daughter, Miss Rose Harman, a keen point-to-point rider



Sir George Colthurst came up for the show from Blarney Castle, Co. Cork, and is seen with Mrs. M. P. Hamilton



His Excellency the President, Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, presenting the Aga Khan cup to Col. F. F. Wing, of the United States team



His Excellency the President and Mrs. O'Kelly were received by the Rt. Hon. James MacMahon, P.C., president of the Royal Dublin Society, and the Hon. W. E. Wylie, K.C.



The Countess of Fitzwilliam studies the news in the jumping enclosure on Ladies' day



Mrs. David Anderson and Lady McConnell, who competed in the ladies' hunter classes



Lady Violet Vernon, wife of Major Vernon, M.V.O., Grenadier Guards, of Hillhouse, Troon, Ayrshire



The Marchioness of Bute, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Granard, with her son, the Earl of Dumfries



Viscount Adare with Mrs. K. Douglas, the former Lady Charles Cavendish, of Lismore Castle, Co. Waterford



English visitors to the Dublin Horse Show were Major and Mrs. Jim Creudson



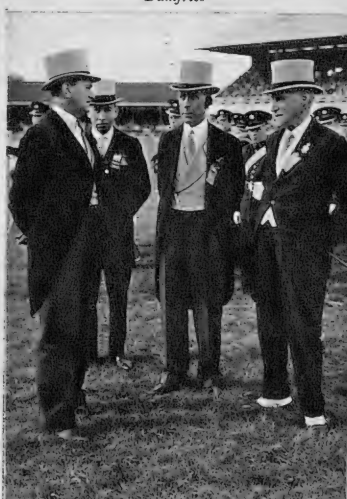
Major Stephen and Lady Ursula Vernon, elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster, on their way to the bloodstock sales



The Marquess of Kildare, son of the Duke of Leinster, discussing the show with Mrs. John Alexander and Mrs. Eustace Duckett



Lord and Lady Ardee of Templecarraig, Co. Wicklow, brought their two children, the Hon. John and Romyne Brabazon



Judges in the International jumping competition were Mr. Andrew Levins Moore, Mr. Granville Nugent, Mr. P. Dunne Cullinan and Mr. J. J. Ryan

DUBLIN: A WONDERFUL WEEK ENDED WITH—

RACING AT PHOENIX PARK

The Irish juvenile classic, the Phoenix Plate,
drew a record attendance



Lord Bicester, the well-known owner, with his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Verney



Mr. Y. J. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Gerald Annesley, whose husband's horse Ballywillwill won the Phoenix Plate



The Earl of Mount Charles, elder son of the Marquess and Marchioness Conyngham, with Miss Eileen Newsam



Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth by the steps of the new stand at Phoenix Park



Mrs. Phillips, Lt.-Col. Harold Boyd-Rochfort and Lt.-Col. H. Phillips study the card



Miss Lavinia Lambton, Mr. Charles Judd and the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket of Luttrellstown Castle



Mr. Rory and Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall with Lady Elizabeth Guinness and Miss Rowena Combe



Miss Elizabeth MacIlwaine, Major the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy and Lady Sylvia Combe, daughter of the Earl of Leicester



Mrs. Spencer Freedman, Mr. Nesbit Waddington and Capt. Spencer Freedman, C.B.E., were three more who enjoyed the excellent racing



Miss Hilary Palmer, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Browne and Mrs. Geoffrey Palmer, wife of Mr. Geoffrey Palmer of Killen House, Galway



Mrs. Evelyn Shirley, Miss Mary Shirley and Viscountess Adare in the member's enclosure

Pool, Dublin

ND THE LOUTH HUNT BALL

Held at the Gresham, the ball proved a notable international occasion



Brig. E. Boylan, C.B.E., secretary of the Hunt Ball, chatting to Major Hughes Gibb



The Hon. Mr. Justice Wylie, a former Master of the Ward Union Staghounds, with his daughter, Miss M. Wylie



Major D. Buchanan talking to the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, daughter of the Hon. Ernest Guinness



Mr. D. Dinin and Mrs. Edward Casenove, sister of Viscountess Jocelyn, sit out during the ball



Lt. P. d'Inzeo, a member of the Italian jumping team, with Miss Maria Carmela Attolico, a visitor from Italy



The Marquess of Headfort with Lady Musgrave, wife of Sir Christopher Musgrave of Strandown, Belfast



Miss Brenda Bancroft and the Marchioness of Headfort, of Headfort House, Kells, Co. Meath



Mrs. B. von Braun and Capt. B. von Braun, member of the Swedish jumping team, and Lt.-Col. G. Conforti of Italy



Sir Basil Goulding with his wife, Lady Goulding, only daughter of Sir Walter Monckton, K.C.M.G.



Mr. R. M. L. Moore of Londonderry, Col. J. H. Bellamy and Mrs. R. M. Helema at this successful hunt ball



At the same table were Viscount Powerscourt with Capt. and Mrs. S. F. Purdon, of Co. Westmeath



Mrs. Easton with Mr. James Grew, well-known member of the Ward Union Staghounds, and Cdr. H. Shelley, U.S. naval attaché in London

Fennell, Dublin



Master Bridger Champion is seen clearing one of the jumps in the children's jumping competition



Mr. J. Champion, Mr. Higgs and Dr. J. J. Coulthard with some of the Old Surrey and Burstow foxhounds paraded at the show



Miss Anne Thorold on her horse Molly, who was a winner of one of the gymkhana events

Good Horsemanship at the Cowden Gymkhana in Kent



Master M. Dane, second in the children's jumping, riding Miss Thorold's Molly



Miss Judith Poile on Fire Fly and Miss Susan Poile on Man of Kent in the show ring



Miss Burfield with her horse George, and a friend from France, Mlle. Françoise Lenglet



Riding in the event for the best family pair were Miss Caroline Cox on Stardust and Master John Cox on Starlight



Miss Anne Thorold on her horse Molly competing in the potato race



Master Bridger Champion receiving the jumping Challenge Cup from Miss Anne Holland, a committee member



Major "Pen" Paynter, Miss Anne Holland and Dr. J. J. Coulthard, judge and medical officer for the show



Major and Mrs. C. C. Field-Marsham, both judging at the show, with Mr. Cyril Lewis, the secretary, during the luncheon interval



Dull but pleasant . . . La publicité américaine . . . Curious urge at the Royal College of Organists

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

FOR thinkers interested in little actresses' insides;

At Aix-les-Bains recently arrived a charming star of the Parisian stage, by her doctor's orders. The Press boys gave her a lyrical write-up, revealing to a myriad adorers that her trouble was gastric. The glamour note was intensified by a photograph showing her coquettishly refusing *eau gazeuse* in a smart Aix bar and demanding champagne instead. Though deathly indifferent by instinct and training to the internal complications of little actresses, we suggest sympathetically that one glass of champagne must inevitably have given that sweetheart acute acidosis, as brandy did to the leading lady of Broadway in Dorothy Parker's exquisite story, *Glory in the Daytime* ("Gas! Nobody knows what I suffer!"). And what continues to interest us is a possible long-distance telephone-conversation early on the morning of publication between the Parisian lovely's Press-agent and her business-manager:

"What sort of lousy publicity d'you call this?"

"Why?"

"What's the use of shooting a glamour-line about her inside without X-ray photos?"

Recalling a pleasing line in one of Marcel Pagnol's comedies. In a prim country town a lady was observed gesticulating out of a first-floor window, nude to the waist. "Why didn't you arrest her?" barked the police-inspector at one of his men. "I thought it was *la publicité américaine*," said the puzzled fellow, scratching his head.

Swell

WHY that 27-year-old Parisian girl organist brilliantly actuating the pedals of the organ of St. Giles's, Edinburgh, in elegant 3-inch-heeled shoes, recently excited some of the Press boys so much we haven't discovered. Organists are often capable of eerie and even sinister outbreaks.

The case of the F.R.C.O. who boasted publicly some time ago that he could play jazz for a week on the organ of Londonderry Cathedral without harming it still glows bright in our memory. You may remember the tiny verse with which we celebrated that occasion:

Seated one day at the organ
I jumped as if I'd been shot,
For the Dean was upon me, snarling:
"Stainer—and make it hot!"

All week I swung Stainer and Barnby,
Bach, Gounod, and Burnett in A;
I said "Gosh, the old bus is a honey!"
The Dean, with a nod, said "Okay."

Only two great organists we can think of would have passed such a performance without shrieks of rage, we guess: César Franck (of St. Clotilde), because he was a saint, and Widor (of St. Sulpice), because he himself liked imitating trains at times. As for that curious urge, prevalent at the Royal College of Organists, to sit on rather than at the organ, chattering

and holding out a tin cup for pennies, the psychiatrists have now got it well in hand, our spies report.

Soaklore

WITH whisky at (if and when) 35s., or 45s. on the Market, the forthcoming London production of Eugene O'Neill's play *The Iceman Cometh*, set in a West Side saloon-bar among a gang of ardent Scotch-eaters, should drive our native Chinstraps into something of a frenzy, we dare aver.

We gather that nothing much interrupts the drinking of export-Scotch in this piece except a timely murder, and if we judge our O'Neill correctly neither of these pastimes can be a laughing matter for one moment. Among the fairies hovering over Slogger O'Neill's cradle the most imposing was undoubtedly the Fairy Dill Pickle, banishing all mirth and light-mindedness from his infant pillow.

In this case, undoubtedly, the boy is right. Nothing is less amusing than a booze-up—with the possible exception of incest in a swamp, which O'Neill has already dealt with—and no inky boy has ever succeeded in making it so. Of our native boys Skelton did best, maybe, with *The Tunnying of Elinour Rummie*, the fat alewife of Leatherhead; but the long doggerel farce soon becomes infinitely boring and sickening, though apparently R-Y-ty thought it pretty good.

King Henry the Eight
Had a goode conceit
Of my merrie vaine,
Though duncical plaine. . . .

That so-and-so would.

Gneiss

DULL but pleasant, like the distant tap-tap of a stonemason working on the tombstone of your rich aunt, is our conjecture of the noise made by the recent International Geological Congress in London; an assembly far less harmful to mankind than the international gabfest of "intellectuals" in Red Poland the same week, unless we err.

Like Professor Dingo of *Bleak House*, who chipped at his attendants' faces on his dying-bed ("The ruling passion!"), the geologists probably had their little hammers handy, but no brawling was reported. Geology deadens all the passions. We knew a chap who, each time he fell violently in love, met the new beloved by appointment next day in the Geological Museum, which used to stand—Heaven alone knows why—in Jermyn Street. Herp, encompassed by oolites and gneiss and fossils in glass cases, he could take a cool unbiased view of the situation and judge whether it was worth while. Or so he thought, but each time, inevitably,

. . . unremembering fate
Felled him at last with all his armour on;
Hector: the horseman: in the Scaen Gate.

No novelist ever used this perfect background for a scene of desperate passion. Galsworthy

might have done so for one, ending it with a lethal crack on the scone for each odious Forsythe concerned from a passing geologist. Gneiss work, sir, gneiss work.

Pibroch

THOSE pipers sailing from Skye to the Lochaber Gathering who were "quickly silenced by the pitching of the steamer," in Auntie *Times's* delicate phrase, have nothing to be ashamed of. Even some of the Dagenham Girl Pipers might have piped down in such a storm.

Not desiring to point any shrill moral about modern decadence in the Highlands, like old tough-guy Daddy Wordsworth when he found

. . . the umbrella spread

To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head,

it yet sticks in our mind that the ghosts of the old Macrimmon pipers of Skye may have hovered round that boatload snarling "Sissies!" in Gaelic. Or at least legend prompts that view. One is apt to forget that the heroes of the past had toothache and influenza like anyone else. As for the Dagenham sweethearts, the Race's current belief that no power on earth can stop their skirling may be pure illusion. If one of them drops out with a headache another exactly similar may—who knows?—come down the Ford assembly-line right away, blowing like blazes. A terrifying thought, but girl pipers are terrifying anyway. Exit nervously backwards on tiptoe, kissing hand.

BRIGGS—by Graham



EMMWOOD'S

WARRIOR WARBLERS (NO. 16)

A bird noted for its performance of a conjuring trick infinitely superior to Sawing a Woman in Half.



The Lesser Tufted Crate Crane—or Little Green Ropi-Riskit

(Noteven-Ascratchsur)

ADULT MALE: General colour above ruddy-fulvous, inclined to be ruddier when in flight; tufted above the eye-sacs and below the beak (these latter tufts are somewhat undeveloped in this member of the sub-order); beak curved and hop-coloured; neck feathers gaudily spotted to the front, white and woolly to the rear; body feathers, outer coverts leathery, inner coverts astral blue and faintly ringed at the wing tips; feet large and leathery: the bird has an inherent habit of misplacing the latter very frequently.

HABITS: The Tufted Crate Crane may easily be picked out, by the observer, from the other members of its sub-order by its erratic flight and frantic little cry, a kind of "Ohel-prangdagoen." Although when in flight the bird is always accompanied by an older and more experienced member

of the genus, it does succeed in getting up to many wild whoopings and refractory racketings until it, finally, comes to rest in a disorderly heap of tail, wing and body coverts: the manner in which the bird manages to survive this uncontrolled landing never ceases to surprise the observer. Much alarm and no little despondency is apparent in the demeanour of the older birds at the droll manner in which the Crate Crane comes in to land with all its tail coverts up.

HABITATS: The Tufted Crate Crane may always be found near a heap of disused metallic matter. It nests, exclusively, in the close proximity of fluid sustenance: its presence in these bosky places is heralded by its boastful twittering as it lays down the four points of perfect prangings.

Boys' Golf Championship
at Barassie, Ayr

John D. Pritchett, aged seventeen, of Warwickshire, who was the first English winner, since J. D. Langley gained the title in 1935



David Reid, runner-up for the third year in succession, played a very dogged game



Ronald Nicol, Scottish boy International and champion of Scotland, was beaten in the semi-final



D. R. Stuart

"Sandy" Bethell, who plays for Yorkshire, and led the English boys' team to victory, lost to the winner in the semi-final



Fortunedale and Foal, a new canvas by Mrs. Horace Colemore, M.B.E., one of our most gifted animal painters. The mare is the property of the Hon. David Hely-Hutchinson. Mrs. Colemore was decorated for her services in North Africa and Sicily, as also was her sister, Lady Brocklehurst. She will be holding an exhibition of some of her recent paintings during the autumn

Pictures in the Fire

HOW much or how little we ought to log is anyone's choice, but with all the heated talk about "Rebuilding Babel" going on, it would seem that the learned gentlemen who have been pouring forth huge columns of pure water upon the subject, have been given any amount of stones suitable for their purpose. Incidentally, it may suggest itself to the Philistine that Babel had been rebuilt some time ago, and all that is now happening is a silly elaboration in the way of a few flying buttresses and not a few gun emplacements. If the book-makers did not collect some nice field money over the Leger that is just bad luck, for the scribes and the prophets did their best for them—a new "possible" almost every morning with their austerity breakfasts. It is tragic that in the end it should have all boiled down to one horse! Everything possible was done to persuade us that (a) there was something amiss, or (b) that, whether there was or not, he would not run. However, we ought not to complain, for, after all, we are in the depths of the silly season and everyone seems to have given giant geeseberries, sea serpents and Loch Ness monsters the cold shoulder. A depressing example of *sic transit*!

ON the principle that "Youth must be served (first)," and heaven forbid that we should deny the necessary nutriment to the growing boy and girl, it may be fitting that we should turn the spotlight upon the young. Circumstances (a fussy doctor) have much interfered with expeditions which otherwise would have materialised, and so information has had to be gathered from the outpost line. Both of these colts of His Majesty's, which won at Bath on August 11th, are most favourably reported upon, and young Noel Murless, address Beckhampton, sent out Gigantic, who won over five furlongs, and Royal Blue, who won over six, looking as bright as new shillings. Gigantic is by Big Game, who did not stay, but his dam, Sun Chariot (by Hyperion), is as good as a bank note. Royal Blue is by Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter, who would have been a Triple Crown winner but for the intervention of the late Mr. Hitler. He is out of Myrobella, who is by Tetratema, son of The Tetrarch, and, purely on these facts, I have a strong weakness for him. About Mr. Jack Dewar's filly Sunkissed, who won on the second day at Bath, and also hailed from Beckhampton, the hawk-eyed is very

enthusiastic. No one else seems to have taken much notice of her; but, if there is anything in blood, she ought to be something. Solaris is her papa, and her mama, Impulsive, is by Sansovino. To pass onward. On the day before My Babu's name should have been changed to Wah! Wah! they picked out at Goodwood (August 18th), Helston, who ran a very poor third in the Earl of March Stakes. He was thirteen lengths behind the winner, Midnight Blue II., who won with his ears cocked. The fact is only mentioned: I vouch for nothing, but the eyes that looked upon him were very sharp ones. Helston is by Mieuxce out of Floral Dance. The distance was six furlongs, but how can we know anything? On paper he is no good, and I only log him because of Captain Ferretes. Incidentally, it was just before the Trial Stakes on the second day of Goodwood that we read a long article headed "No Fears for My Babu." Estoc made him look like a Ventnor Neddy, which I think is the sleepest variety of his species. The Gimcrack

winner, this pony Star King, made it no race, for Makarpura, another luckless Baroda possession, could hardly see his heels for the dust. But they cast doubt on the winner's staying possibilities. Again, how can we know at the moment? His Majesty's Berrylands, who won very comfortably over six furlongs at Salisbury on August 26th (Bulford Stakes), was never troubled by the almost unknowns behind him, and he carries the Royal jacket in next year's Derby. He is another of Noel Murless's hopefuls from the Beckhampton burnish on him. Here's loyally hoping, but I think we had better wait for what the lawyers call "further assurance." This is all that I can collect at the moment. A little postscript *vis-à-vis* the Gimcrack winner: I think that Abernant will win the Middle Park, as well as the Champagne, but what you or I think is not evidence.

A RECENT announcement in the more serious section of our Press concerning the great images in the Caves of a Thousand Buddhas near the little town of Tunhuang, West Kansu, interests me personally, because I believe that I saw the only known cliff carvings of Buddha in an erect posture at a place called by us the Red Idol Gorge, half a march from the Lamaseraï at Niani, not far from Gyantse, in Tibet. Presumably these

100-ft-high figures in the Caves of a Thousand Buddhas are in the customary cross-legged position in which Buddha is supposed to have sat under the Bo Tree. Realising the trepidity of intruding in such a matter as this, by someone whose supposed business is just to neigh like a horse, I tender the information with misgiving. It happens to be true, however, and any archaeologist who likes climbing, and the chance of having to live on the whiff of an oiled rag, can go and see these enormous carvings for himself. My vivid recollection is that they were considerably more than 100 ft. in height. Their date I do not know. We were not concerned with archaeology at that moment, but in pressing on to the relief of Sir George Younghusband.

PERHAPS, seeing that that romantic region Hyderabad is very much in the headlines at the moment, these verses published in *The Australasian* (Melbourne) in about 1903, instead of in the Southern Indian paper for which they were intended, may help to create atmosphere. They were then by that well-known poet "Anon." They still are so, to the best of my knowledge and belief. Laurence Hope had died in Madras some years before they were published, otherwise I should have thought that she had written them. The title was "In the Bazârs of Hyderabad."

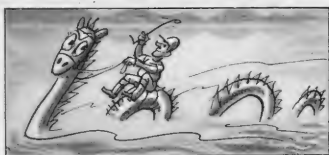
What do you sell, O ye merchants?
Richly your wares are displayed.
"Turbans of crimson and silver,
Tunics of purple brocade,
Mirrors with panels of amber,
Daggers with handles of jade."

What do you make, O ye goldsmiths?
"Wristlet and anklet and ring,
Bells for the feet of blue pigeons,
Frail as a dragon-fly's wing,
Girdles of gold for the dancers,
Scabbards of gold for the king."

What do you cry, O ye fruitmen?
"Citron, pomegranate, and plum."
What do you play, O musicians?
"Cithar, sarangi, and drum."
What do you chant, O magicians?
"Spells for the deons to come."

What do ye weave, O ye flower-girls
With tassels of azure and red?
"Crowns for the brow of a bridegroom,
Chaplets to garland his head,
Sheets of white blossoms new-gathered
To perfume the sleep of the dead."

Sabretache





The Lamentation for Christ. A preliminary study in pen, red and black chalk, wash and oil colour, for the major work in the National Gallery. It is reproduced from *Rembrandt: Selected Drawings*, by Otto Benesch (Phaidon Press; 25s.), which will be published on September 23rd. The drawing is made up of two main pieces of paper and several smaller ones, pieced together like a mosaic, and is of especial interest as showing the artist's method in working out a design. It is in the British Museum

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"THE BLOOD OF OTHERS," by Simone de Beauvoir (Sacker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.), has been described by its publishers as "the greatest novel to come out of the French Resistance." It is, at the outset, to be distinguished from the by now typical, though admirable, "Resistance novel," in that the Resistance theme is submerged—the greater part of the story happens before the war. We have, shortly, a group of young Parisians, whose relations with one another—up to 1940 pursuing a heated but somewhat aimless course—are precipitated by the German Occupation.

This is an excellent subject. Did we not often wonder, during the war, what effect enemy occupation would have had on our own devious private lives? Subtly but strongly, our personal relationships would have been changed—some of our friends would have lost value, others gained it: quite dim or frivolous persons might suddenly have soared up into heroism; others, hitherto ranking high, might have just perceptibly panicked, faltered, failed, or made compromises for which one could not forgive them.

The characters in *The Blood of Others* are, deliberately, not cast in the heroic mould. They are—up to the summer of 1940—in the main

ineffectual; one is downright frivolous. They analyse their sensations, drift in and out of love-affairs, are tormented by ideals which they cannot fulfil. At the same time, they are not heartless, for they are nagged at by a feeling of responsibility for each other. "Each of us is responsible for everything and to every human being," is the text, one might say the doctrine, round which Mlle. de Beauvoir has built up her story.

We begin and end with a girl dying: inside this tragic frame are set back the happenings leading up to the moment. Helen is succumbing to a wound received in the course of a wild, brave act—the rescue of her former fiancé, Paul, from the Germans. Jean Blomart (the lover for whose sake Helen had, a year ago, thrown over the faithful Paul) watches, now, by her deathbed. Jean Blomart's sense of guilt is acute—not only was he, as leader of a Resistance group, responsible for Helen's having gone on the expedition, but he is conscious of having wrecked her life (while she still had life) by his doubts and scruples. Her gaiety had confounded his seriousness; her lack of principles had shocked him. Ruthlessly, therefore, early on in the war he had broken off their affair—an affair which, in its best days, had looked like culminating in marriage. When Helen came to

Jean Blomart, in his capacity of Resistance leader, to volunteer to help, he and she had ceased to be anything in each other's lives. Only now, too late, while Helen lies dying, does Jean comprehend how much she had loved him, and how deeply he, really, had loved and needed her.

THIS might sound like an obvious sentimental theme; it is, however, given fire and strength by Mlle. de Beauvoir's way of telling the story, and by the extraordinary livingness of her characters. Helen, the little shop girl, wild as a hare and with the morality of a pirate, is, from her first escapade with the stolen bicycle, enchanting. She is a live wire. She makes a dead set at Jean (her fiancé's friend), engages his unwilling affections, suffers but never whines. Jean himself is the typical problem child of the late 1930's—the rich man's son with Socialist leanings; he has left home, upset his mother (who remains, throughout, remarkably sympathetic and adaptable), and insists on playing the part of an ordinary worker in his father's factory.

He lives in a cheap little room—to which his mother insists on adding luxury appointments—and his friends are all, now, drawn from the workers. At the root of his mind remains the

"The Blood of Others"

"The Secret Thread"

"Malice Bites Back"

"The Glass Room"

fear that the rest will think he is no more than playing at Socialism, and that the middle-class taint cannot be got out of his blood. Already he blames himself for the death of a comrade, Jacques, killed in a riot after a demonstration. It is, in fact, his suspicions of himself which make him so suspicious of Helen—he mistakes her gaiety for lightness. . . . The rest of the group, Paul, Marcel the painter and his unhappy mistress, Denise, are touched in with the same almost magic sureness—one becomes involved, up to the hilt, with them; can one say more of characters in a novel?

"Simone de Beauvoir," her publishers tell us, "clarifies many of the existentialist doctrines upon which she and Jean-Paul Sartre have set such store." This novel of hers does, certainly, bear some resemblance to Sartre's *The Age of Reason* and *The Reprieve*: its plot is, for instance, occasionally difficult to follow owing to switches-about in time, and a tendency to write of the central personage (Jean Blomart) sometimes in the third person, sometimes in the first. Mlle. de Beauvoir is, however, considerably less grim than M. Sartre, considerably more given to rendering moments of tenderness and gaiety. I find it possible to enjoy this novel without knowing anything whatever about Existentialism: here is an authentic touch on the nerve of life.

The translation, by Yvonne Moyse and Roger Senhouse, is good.

"THE SECRET THREAD" (Collins; 8s. 6d.) is by Ethel Vance—an American exceedingly well known here since she wrote *Escape*—that Scarlet Pimpernel novel of Nazi Germany. Lately, her pen has turned to the exploration of post-war psychology—the conflicts and queeresses set up in a generation returning to peaceful scenes from either battle itself or the scenes of war. In that particular vein we had *Winter Meeting*. Now, in *The Secret Thread*, we have once more a hero who is, to an extent, "a case."

Cassius Terhune, whose adventures in a derelict New York slum-house we are to follow, is a successful self-made man, head of an American college. We first meet him at the end of his home-coming voyage, after a spell of important Government work in post-war Germany. His experiences in a devastated and ghastly land have had the effect on Cassius of a depth-charge: he suddenly feels impatient of his own success and, no less, with what he connects with that—the complacent, well-to-do crust of polite America. In defeated Germany, he seems to have seen humanity stripped naked—his thoughts, accordingly, travel back to his own early days as an under-dog. During his last night on the liner, waiting to land in New York, he dreams of the house in which his humiliating childhood had been spent.

The house had been seedy—a tenement for down-at-the-heel theatrical folk kept by Cassius's money-grubbing, unloving aunt. The idea that he must revisit it grows on Cassius, owing to his strange mood. He goes straight there, taking a taxi from the dock—but the entire area is now being demolished for rebuilding: the effect is ghostly, all old landmarks are gone. Miraculously, the house he saw in his dream is still standing—though vacant, stripped, awaiting the house-breakers, who may arrive to-morrow.

Or, apparently vacant. For, having climbed his way up to the attic which was his as a child, Cassius finds the

place stuffed with looted goods. He has, in fact, blundered into the hide-out of a juvenile crime gang—on whose capricious mercy is to depend his life. For some rotting structure collapses, he breaks his ankle—so here, for pain-ridden days and nights he lies, while Edna, Gus, Mort and a detrimental elderly character called Pop discuss their own affairs and debate

it further overloads fiction with depraved, under-world adolescents—of whom, since *Brighton Rock*, we seem to have had a crop.

T. O. BEACHCROFT gives us, with *Malice Bites Back* (Bodley Head; 6s.), half-a-dozen excellent short stories. He is one of our first exponents of this particular art—though, as his recent *Asking for Trouble* showed, he is adept at the novel, too. He writes without what have come to be considered the high-brow affectations: there is nothing pretentious or fantastic or over-decorated about his style. He draws, apparently, plain pictures of plain people—people belonging to recognisable types: it is only under second analysis that one sees how deep his imagination goes, how unpredictable is the development of his situations.

In fact, his people, though they may carry the stigmata of a type, never are types. Each of them is as unique, and, consequently, as much at the mercy of his or her own individual problems, as you and I know ourselves to be. There is, for instance, the father in "The Family Comes Home"—genuinely delighted by the return of his loved ones after the V-1 scare, vaguely aware that he has become attached to the bachelor life he had settled down to, hostile to the man friend who may, by exaggerating a slight sentimental incident, make trouble. . . . There is the French seaside episode of the title-story, in which an English boy watches the bullying of a little girl by her governess, and the child's unexpected retaliation. . . . There is the love-among-the-ruins, unformulated daydream of blitzed London, in "A Sea of Faces," in which a man and woman find each other too late. . . . There are the fierce, wise pair of young lovers in "I Might Be Killed," a story in which grown-up discretion is shown to lag behind urgent fact. In "Turco Shuts the Door," dog-nature spins the plot. And "Disgraceful Episode," curiously lyrical, hinges on a schoolboy's sympathy for an unhappy little servant-girl of his own age, and the way this is misconstrued by uncle and aunt.

I have no hesitation in recommending *Malice Bites Back*, as a collection, to readers who normally shun short stories. It will be found that each tale here expands itself into a full-sized picture, on whose completeness one muses for some time after.

"THE GLASS ROOM" (Sampson Low; 8s. 6d.) is an American mystery story so good as to enter the Dashiell Hammett or Raymond Chandler class—it has, by the way, like the work of those two masters, a Californian scene. Edwin Rolfe and Lester Fuller are joint authors of this self-told tale of a bookie trying to clear himself of the almost certain charge of his wife's murder by doing investigation on his own—guided by the dead Edna's engagement-book, Phil Norris gets on to the tracks of everyone she had planned to contact. In so doing, he makes several enemies and exposes a racket which was bidding fair to sweep the U.S.

My theory that the detective story, properly handled, can offer scope for adult psychology and vital, disciplined writing is, I think, justified by *The Glass Room*. A film is, I hear, being made of this.



A Girl Sleeping. A particularly brilliant brush sketch from "Rembrandt: Selected Drawings," made about 1655, which is now in the British Museum. The model is probably Hendrickje, who sat for a number of similar studies at this period

his future. That one of the gang is a killer, that Cassius knows far too much, makes his future exceedingly insecure.

There results a somewhat protracted suspense story, and a ripening of the relationship between Cassius and the silver-blond Edna. Edna is a phenomenon of her world—sixteen, oddly naive, childishly but sedulously playing the part of a gunman's moll. Gus, her brother, and Mort are nasty pieces of work; Edna is still in the making; she might turn out to be anything. . . . The secret thread, of the title, is, I suppose, the thread of memory which drew Cassius back and landed him in this bizarre dilemma. I feel that another thread, in another sense, was slightly lost by Miss Vance in the course of writing this story—which begins as the diagnosis of a state of mind and finishes as a thriller pure and simple. Apart from that, my only possible criticism of *The Secret Thread* is that

RECORD OF THE WEEK

IF the ordinary song is to become really successful it must flow with ease, both lyrically and musically. Therefore, when you hear a song being whistled in the street you may be sure that it possesses those ingredients and that the composer and publisher are saying to themselves that they have a popular hit on their hands.

But it isn't everyone who is able to whistle, and I suggest that the whistling of Ronalde will be the envy of all those who may aspire to that particular form of art.

With Bob Farnon and his orchestra he whistles *Somewhere Beyond the Stars* and *When You're in Love* to success!

He is no novice to show business, though it is only recently that he has made the grade as "top of the bill." Born in Islington, Ronalde was at one time member of the choirs of St. Helen's, Smithfield, and St. Bartholomew the Great.

At the moment he is paying a second visit to the U.S.A., where, in 1947, he appeared for eight weeks at Radio City Music Hall. Not only can he whistle a tune, but he has made a very careful study of the calls of birds, and is able to retain the interest of his listeners in whatever he does. (Decca F.8941.)

Robert Tredinnick.



Harmer — West

Mr. Peter Scotford Harmer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harmer, of London, was married at St. Jude's Church, London, to Miss Kathleen Buchanan West, only daughter of the late Dr. J. T. West, and of Mrs. J. B. West, of Glasgow



Bayley — Oppenheimer

Mr. Michael Hamilton Bayley, son of the late Mr. Hugh Bayley, and of Mrs. Elsa Bayley, of Holly Lodge, Burnham, Bucks, married Miss Pauline Denys Oppenheimer, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Gustav Oppenheimer, and of Mrs. Cecily Oppenheimer, of Raymead, Maidenhead, at St. Peter's, Burnham



St. Clair Pringle — Sawyer

Capt. Keith Horace St. Clair Pringle, younger son of the late Mr. I. T. St. Clair Pringle, and Mrs. M. Pringle, of Weston-super-Mare, married Miss Dulcie May Sawyer, younger daughter of the late Mr. E. M. Sawyer, and Mrs. E. Sawyer, of Whitefriars, Park Road, Torquay, Devon, at Cockington Parish Church, Torquay



Qualtrough — Peacock

Mr. Henry Percival Qualtrough, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Qualtrough, of Corvalley, Castleton, Isle of Man, and Miss Elizabeth Mary Audrey Peacock, only daughter of Mr. John Peacock, C.A., and Mrs. Peacock, of Calderwood Lodge, Newlands, Glasgow, S.3, were married at Newlands South Church



Benke — Hare

Mr. Denys Lionel Benke, son of Major A. C. H. Benke, married Miss Diana Hare, daughter of Mr. Robertson Hare, of St. Mary Abbot's Court, London, W.14, at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington. The reception was held at the Savoy Hotel

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Meade-Fetherstonhaugh — Falkner

The marriage took place at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, between Mr. Richard James Meade-Fetherstonhaugh, elder son of Admiral the Hon. Sir Herbert and Lady Meade-Fetherstonhaugh, of Uppark, Petersfield, Hampshire, and Miss Jean Phyllis Falkner, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Basil Falkner, of Matt's House, Thornby, Northamptonshire

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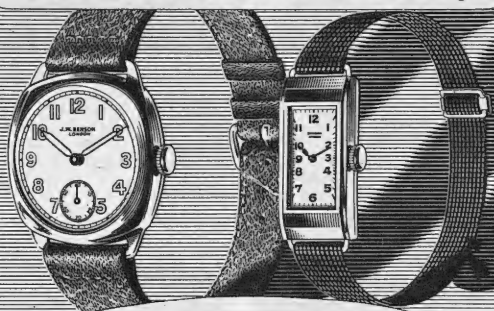
The New Beret Bonnet—in fine felt, softly trimmed with feathers and cobwebby veiling. Black, navy, brown, tan, fudge. **59/6**

Pastel shades 65/6

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The "Taller's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Jean Hilary Mary Adams, only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. B. Adams, of Ludlow Avenue, Luton, Bedfordshire, who has announced her engagement to Mr. John George McDowall, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McDowall, of Mungoswells, Drem, East Lothian



Pearl Freeman

Miss Diana Mary Roberts, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Gilbert T. Roberts, and of Mrs. Roberts, of Perranuthnoe, Cornwall, who is engaged to Mr. Anthony Wethered, elder son of Cdr. O. F. M. Wethered, R.N., and of Mrs. Wethered, of Remnantz, Marlow, Buckinghamshire



Miss June Mary McKeever, only child of Mrs. McKeever, of Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.10, and stepdaughter of the late W/Cdr. S. McKeever, D.F.C., who is to marry Mr. Duncan Brodie Macdonald, only son of the late Capt. J. D. Macdonald, M.C., and of Mrs. Macdonald, of Montpelier Place, London, S.W.7



Miss Grace Margaret (Patsy) Wilson, younger daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Wilson, of Swinbrook Vicarage, Oxfordshire, whose engagement has been announced to Dr. Robert Amos Griffiths, B.A., B.M., B.Ch., only son of Mr. R. A. Griffiths, and of the late Mrs. Griffiths, of Royston, Yorkshire



Lieut. Murray Hamel Cooke, R.C.N., and Miss Fiona Rosemary Diana Gregson, who are engaged to be married. Lt. Cooke is the son of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Cooke, of Vancouver, Canada, and Miss Gregson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. K. Gregson, of Cerwyn Hall, Marchiel, Denbighshire



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Oliver Stewart on FLYING

STRUTTERY is coming back. It is impossible not to notice that some of the new small aeroplanes produced to Army requirements as air observation posts and the like, are more heavily wooded (as the house agents might say) with struts even than the early machines.

If one polished up one of the old Avro 504s and set it beside some of the latest things in small aircraft, it would make it appear that all these years have been spent, not in improving the streamlining, but in spoiling it. If the new machines go faster, it is partly because they usually have twice the power of the old Avro available.

After all, the biplane went out of fashion partly because of its external struts and wires. But struts and wires are now distributing themselves all over some of the monoplanes. There are exceptions, of course. Some of the new small machines are quite clean and they do have remarkable powers of take-off and landing.

Scottish Aviation's Prestwick Pioneer can make landings, I am told, in under eighteen metres and can do so regularly. This aircraft is fitted with high lift devices and has, in consequence, a very low stalling speed. Even so, this kind of landing performance is remarkable. So whether the new aircraft look better or worse than the old, some of them do perform better.

I DOUBT, however, if we shall make much progress towards the aircraft that looks perfect as well as being good, unless the prosperous private flying tradition is revived.

The strut-ridden light aeroplanes of which I have complained are built to Service specifications, and Service specifications are peculiarly stultifying things.

It is only recently that the Navy has been learning to restrain its natural desires to hang equipment all over its new aeroplanes and so ruin them aerodynamically. There is always the Service specialist who demands just one more thing to be screwed on, clipped in, or otherwise attached. Hitherto the wretched aircraft-maker has had to comply or lose the order.

But the private aircraft purchaser is not attracted by aircraft hideously adorned with odds and ends. He demands a clean look. He is the customer, and not the Services, who is a stimulus to basic aircraft improvement.

* * *

IT is a good moment to consider the future of air meetings because we can look back on a year in which there has been a large variety of them. At Lympne we had a successful air race meeting; we have had many good garden parties and now we have had the great technical show by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, a show to which I hope to refer in more detail in a future issue.

My own impression is that there are four distinct kinds of air meeting, the first being the technical display, the second being the race meeting, the third the circus and the fourth the garden party. I doubt if two or more of these kinds of meeting can well be mixed.

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S/Ldr. J. B. Starky, D.S.O., D.F.C. who has been appointed assistant test pilot to Armstrong Siddeley Motors Ltd. A New Zealander, thirty-one years of age, he flew in bombers in the Middle East and on raids over Germany.

At Lympne racing was the attraction. And it worked. At Gatwick thrills were the main attraction: it was the circus kind of meeting. And again it worked. At Farnborough it was the technical interest that took the attention, once more with success. As for the air garden parties, they were numerous and many were very good.

The technical display is the most difficult and most expensive kind of meeting, because it depends for its success upon the appearance of a sufficient number of new aircraft, new engines and new accessories. The S.B.A.C., I imagine, is only just able to find an adequate number of new items at yearly intervals, and as technical development becomes more laborious and slower, so it will become more difficult to hold a good S.B.A.C. show every year.

* * *

NOT long ago the Royal Aero Club issued a useful little book on the organization of air meetings. With this book in one hand, and with a provisional programme cast clearly within one of the moulds which have been mentioned in the other, the air meeting organizer has a good chance of success.

But I do hope that there will be more racing next year. And I would like to see at least one big event. It is sad to think that there is nothing now with the prestige of the King's Cup Air Race.

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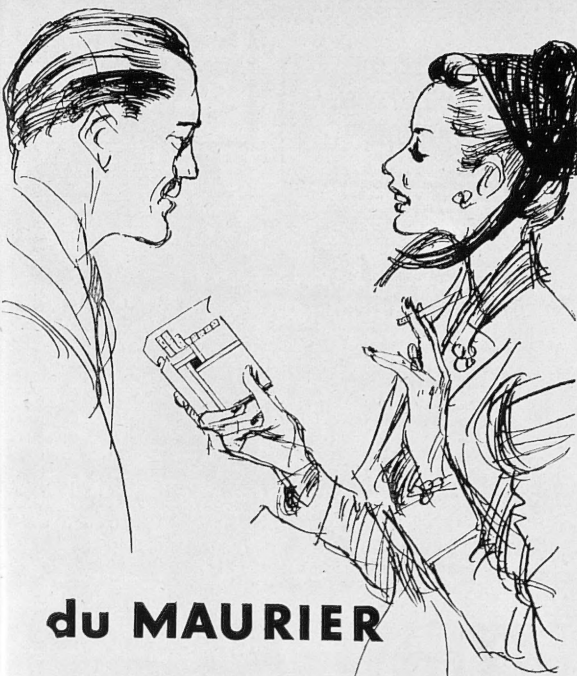
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POINT OF VIEW

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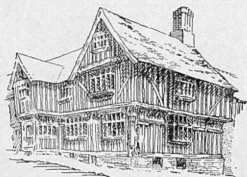
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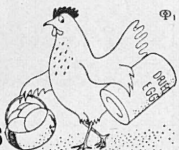
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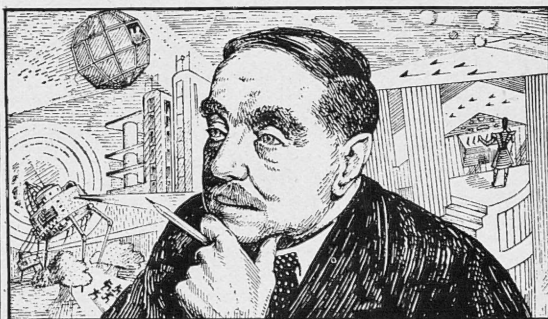
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